THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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JAMES FERGUSON.

JAMES FERGUSON.

THIS man, who became so celebrated for his knowledge in Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, was born in Scotland in 1710. He was the son of a peasant. One day, when about eight years old, he observed his father use a beam, resting upon a prop, to pry up a heavy body. This set him thinking. The result was that he became interested in mechanical contrivances, and very early gained a knowledge of mechanical principles.

He was fond of using a knife, as all boys are; but he used it not for the mere fun of making whittlings. When a little older, he was set to tend sheep. He occupied his spare time, as you see in the illustration, in making wheels and simple machines. He also gained, during the time he tended his father's flock, a knowledge of the rudiments of Astronomy, and thus laid the foundation of his future greatness and usefulness.

He had a great taste for drawing, and became so skilful that he was able to support himself later in life, while pursuing his studies in Edinburgh, by taking portraits. It is well for the young to consider what power of thought, and skill in the use of the hands, have been developed without the aid of schools or teachers. This will help them to understand that with such aid more can be accomplished, but only through the same personal application and persevering effort.

CAPITAL FUN.

IT was a little past twelve o'clock, and a merry group of boys were seated on the young grass, under the trees that shaded the Academy play-grounds. A little later, and they would be scattered in every direction at their play; but first they must attend to the contents of well-filled pails and baskets, where their dinners were stowed.

"I should like to know," said Horace Colby, "why Joe Green never comes out to eat his dinner with the rest of us, but sneaks off somewhere till we all get through."

"Guess he brings so many goodies he is afraid we shall rob him," said one.

"Pho!" said Will Brown, "more likely he doesn't bring any thing at all. I heard my father say they must be badly pinched since Mr. Green was killed; and mother said she didn't pity them, for folks had no business to be poor and proud."

"Well," said Sam Merrill, "I know Mary Green asked my mother to have plain sewing to do; but then folks do that sometimes that aren't very poor."

"And Joe is wearing his winter clothes all this warm weather, and his pants are patched behind, — I saw them," said Horace Colby, with a very complacent look at his new spring suit of light gray.

"I'll tell you what, boys," said Will Brown, "let's look to-morrow and see what the old fellow does bring, any way. You know he is always in his seat by the time the first bell rings, and we can get a peep into his basket, and then be in season for roll-call." The boys agreed to this, all but Ned Collins, who had sat quietly eating his dinner, and taking no part in the conversation. Now he simply remarked, as he brushed the crumbs from his lips, "I can't see what fun there will be to do that, and it looks real mean and sneaking to me. I am sure it is none of our business what Joe brings for his dinner, or where he goes to eat it."

"You're always such a granny," said Will Brown, contemptuously. "You have got every one of poor Aunt Sally's notions."

Ned could not bear to be laughed at, and it made him a little angry to hear his kind old aunt sneered at; but his eye only flashed for a moment, and he sprang up, shouting,

"Hurrah, boys, for football!" and in five minutes the whole play-ground was in an uproar of fun and frolic.

The next morning, at the stroke of the bell, a half-dozen roguish faces peeped into the school-room, and, sure enough, there sat Joe Green, busily plying his pencil over the problems of the algebra lesson. It was but the work of an instant to hurry into the clothes-room, and soon the whole group were pressing around Will Brown, as he held the mysterious basket in his hand. Among them, in spite of the remonstrance of yesterday, was Ned Collins, with his fine face fairly crimson with shame or something else, — we shall soon see.

"It is big enough to hold a day's rations for a regiment," said Howard Colby, as Will pulled out a nice white napkin. Next came a whole newspaper, — a large one, too; and then, at the bottom of the basket, was one little cold potato, — that was all. Will held it up with a comical grimace, and the boys laughed and cheered as loudly as they dared in the school-room.

"See here," said Howard, "let's throw it away, and fill the basket with coal; it will be such fun to see him open it."

The boys agreed, and placed the napkin carefully on top; and, before the bell commenced tolling, they were on their way downstairs.

Ned Collins was the last to leave the room; and no sooner did the others disappear than, quick as flash, he emptied the coal into the box again, replacing the paper, and half-filled the basket, large as it was, with the contents of the bright tin pail that Aunt Sally delighted to store with dainties for her darling's dinner. Ned was in the seat almost as soon as the rest, and all through the forenoon he looked and felt as guilty as the others, as he saw the sly looks and winks that were exchanged among them.

Noon came, and there was the usual rush to the clothes-room for dinner-baskets; but, instead of going out to the yard, the boys lingered about the door and hall. Straight by them marched Ned Collins, with his pail on his arm.

"Halloo, Ned," said Sam Merrill, "where are you going now?"

"Home," said Ned. "I saw Aunt Sally making a chicken pie this morning, and I am going home to get some."

"Ask me to go too," shouted Howard Colby. But, just at that moment, they saw Joe Green carrying his basket into the school-room.

"I should think he'd suspect something," whispered Will Brown: "that coal must be awful heavy."

Joe disappeared in the school-room, and curious eyes that peered through the crack of the door were soon rewarded by seeing him open his basket.

"Hope his dinner won't lie heavy on his stomach," said Howard Colby.

But apparently Joe only wished to get his paper to read, for he took it by the corner to pull it out; but it was fast. He looked in surprise, and then, in a sort of bewildered way, took out a couple of Aunt Sally's great, crispy doughnuts, then one of the delicious round pies he had often seen in Ned's hands, bread and butter, and such honey as nobody's bees but hers ever make, and the plump, white breast of a chicken.

It was a dinner fit for a king. So poor Joe thought, and so the boys thought, as they peered wonderingly from their hiding-place. But Joe did not offer to taste it; he only sat there and looked at it, with a pale face, over which the tears began presently to flow very fast. Then he leaned his head on his desk, and Freddy Wilson, one of the smallest boys, whispered, "I guess he's praying." So they all stole away to the

play-ground without speaking another word.

"I tell you what," said good-natured Tom Granger, "I move and second that we are all ashamed of ourselves. All in favor of this motion will signify it by giving three cheers for Ned Collins. There he comes this minute, brimful of chicken pie!"

The boys sprang to their feet, and, swinging their caps in the air, gave three hearty cheers for Ned Collins; and even Will Brown joined the chorus as loudly as any of them. Sam Merrill explained the thing to Ned, and he only said in reply, —

"I have often heard Aunt Sally say that it is poor kind of fun that must be earned by hurting somebody's feelings, and what Aunt Sally says is almost always so."

The Morning Star.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER VIII. — *Totty's Tantrums.*

IT would seem as if Miriam and the rest of us must be alike in character, as well as looks; but just as sound and unsound fruit grow on the same tree, good George and bad Johnny are often brothers.

Molly had few faults, but they worried her very much, as they always do the best children. She was quick-tempered, though not in the least vain or envious. Frequent sickness, or the fear of the weather, often kept her from school; where, if possible, to make up for lost time, she longed to go more than I did. But she did not show, even by a look, that she envied my good fortune, as I marched off, bright and well, to meet the girls and say my lessons. So far from being envious, she took the most generous pride in the success of which I was only too vain. Pray, my dears, don't be such a goose as I was, conceited over my scrap of knowledge; but learn, as quickly as you can, to be wise enough to feel your own ignorance.

Perhaps you know, though you would be ashamed to confess, ways in which children are unkind to animals. I hope you do *not* know ways in which children are more than mean — cruel — to one another. Once I was so to Miriam, though I loved her dearly, because vanity, for the moment, ate the love out of my heart. I found that she had written about something or other, and hidden the paper in a drawer. Then I teased so hard to see it that unwillingly she let me, and then I laughed at it, — thinking I should have done better, which she was only too ready to admit.

Now I doubt if I could have done as well, for her ideas were clearer than mine and better expressed; but if I could have written a thousand times better, who would not rather have had her generous heart than my head top-heavy with conceit?

Molly was so obliging too in trifles, which did not seem trifles then. If I thought any gift of hers prettier than mine, she would change at once, and change back to suit me.

What a handy little miss she was at the age of ten, early learning all the sweet household ways of setting to rights, clearing up, putting in order! Cunning little housekeeper, with sober brow, but willing hands, she mustered cups, spoons, and tumblers, carefully washing and polishing every piece! She filled the salt-cellars, making oval dents on the surface by means of the bowl of a spoon, which I never could imitate. Next to dusting: not, as the old fashioned say, "with a lick and a promise;" but as if she saw printed in the dust the golden motto,

"What is worth doing is worth doing well," even if it has to be done over again to-morrow.

Now tired Molly would have liked to read, draw, color a map, or go on with her sampler, but, our mother and nurse having failed to amuse Totty, it was Miriam's turn to try her luck at this, her hardest task; for, either from ill health, or being more constantly with Totty, Molly was more impatient with her *tantrums* than Helen and I, who were in fact her slaves. You would have found it no joke to amuse her, for she was not suited two minutes together. The plaything-basket emptied on the floor, toy after toy was handed to her, with — "See this pretty toy!" only to be snatched and thrown down. Pacified for a minute by dragging the three-wheeled wagon, or by clutching her darling shaggy dog, the next came ready tears and a loud scream. A paper of pins to scatter, or mother's watch to shake, restored peace; but soon the dangerous or valuable toy was thrown aside, and there was a cry for the street, or the yard.

Restless Totty, what a life you led us! When she was four years old, Miriam wrote of her: "Totty was quite good yesterday, but to-day began her fits of screaming as usual; if she falls down and does not hurt herself in the least, it is followed by such shrieks they seem to ring now in my ears."

"Totty" was our baby's pet name. She did not get her Christian name till Grandmother Chaloner, who put up with no nonsense, asked, with scorn, "What sort of a name is Totty?" Then she received a pretty name, which she likes very much; but I shall still call her Totty in telling about that time.

Nobody knew then that the sun could take likenesses, so I cannot tell you how we looked, except that we were some of us pale, our hair did not curl, and one or two of our cousins were much prettier. Our mother resented a relative's saying that we were brought up on an aunt's minee-pie and plum-cake, and that "When you've seen one, you've seen all."

I suppose we heard oftener than we liked the tiresome saying, "Handsome is that handsome does;" which would be much truer, "Happy is that handsome does."

We were as much pleased with new clothes as you; but you would think our gowns, called then *slips* and *frocks*, funny enough to laugh at, — just as children thirty years hence will think yours.

But the moral of it all is, that pretty looks and clothes are not to be despised; but the great point is to keep the soul, the true self, clean, fair, and strong.

For The Dayspring.

BIRD-NESTING.

SITTING in the fragrance of this dear old apple-tree, now all white with blossoms, — the snow-flakes of spring, — as I write, I watch the birds building their summer homes, and listen to their singing and little talk among themselves.

About three weeks ago Mr. Robin Redbreast and his young bride came to the tree, looking for a place to build their first house and to commence housekeeping. It was early, before the apple-tree had arrayed herself in her fair spring garments, and indeed the naked branches seemed to offer little inducement; but the tree reached out her long arms, and beckoned them within their shelter. But in vain; for Mrs. Robin espied a little nook in the roof of the old summer house, which she declared was "just the cosiest place in all the world," and "to be happy her home must be there."

So they brought bits of hay and straw to build the nest, doing all the work themselves.

All the time they talked of their plans for the summer, and how happy they would be when there were little ones in the nest.

After a while the house-home was finished, and Mrs. Robin brought to line it hair and downy feathers. Then day by day I counted one, two, three, four little blue eggs. Since then I have seen neither of the robins near the home they were so happy in building. Perhaps they were killed; but, I think, frightened away, the nest was so low and greatly exposed. Now the little blue eggs are all cold; but I keep the nest carefully.

There is another nest I call mine, although I have never touched it, for it is far above my reach.

Two little yellow-birds came to the tree, and quickly decided upon the very spot the robins passed by. "For," they said, "it is so high no one can reach us; 'tis very nicely sheltered from the sun, and every breeze will rock us sweetly. We will build here." Upon this they immediately began work, bringing twine and long white wool, and made a snow-white home up in the branches, where it looks like a cluster of blossoms.

And what do you suppose they lined it with?

Our dear Carrie, who has scarcely walked in all this glad new year, and has not once been out into the bright sunshine and sweet spring winds, was sitting that day at her open window, doing dainty work with white worsted and floss, and as she worked dropped the cuttings on the window sill.

The yellow-birds, flying around, said to each other, "How pale she is! I think she must be sick. She looks so good I know she will do us no harm, — and see how glad she is to see us!" So they came nearer, and at length saw the white worsted and shining silk. Then Mrs. Birdie chirped quickly, "Oh, how pretty for my nest! 'Tis just what I want to put my little white eggs upon." Then they flew quickly to the window, alighting close beside Carrie, and took the little bits one by one, coming back for more until all were gone and the nest finished.

Now Mrs. Birdie sits all day upon her nest, almost hidden by the branches clustering around, and looking often to see a caged linnet at the window. And as she sits waiting for her little birds, she is singing soft and low: —

"Little birdie, I am waiting,
Waiting, singing, — all for thee;
I have made a snow-white dwelling
In this dear old apple-tree.
Now, my birdie, I am waiting,
Hoping, *living*, — just for thee."

By and by the little birds will come. Then won't the mother be glad? What a loud, joyous song she will sing!

I watch the nest every day to see that no harm comes. Then, when I turn to the little robins' home, now so cold and lone, I feel so sorry for poor Mrs. Robin, who will have no little ones to fly with her to the warm southern home, when the early frosts turn the woodbine leaves to the bright tints of autumn.

Don't you hope with me that the yellow-birds will do much better?

FLORA E.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

THE LOAF.

ONCE upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them: —

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf, which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out quite a number of bright silver pieces!

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money; for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf, simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

"Better a poor but peaceful life,
Than wealth and fortune both in strife."

HUMOROUS.

A GOOD old riddle asks this question: "Why is sympathy like blindman's buff?" The answer is worth remembering: "It is a fellow feeling (fellow-feeling) for a fellow-creature."

A boy in a Connecticut Sunday school, who was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, remarked that he didn't know, as his parents only moved into town the day before.

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoost a little vays." "Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yes, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gate-keeper.

"An ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run twice as fast," was the result of a boy's efforts to write a composition on oxen. Another defined panegyric as "something good for a baby when it cries."

A literal-minded youngster was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

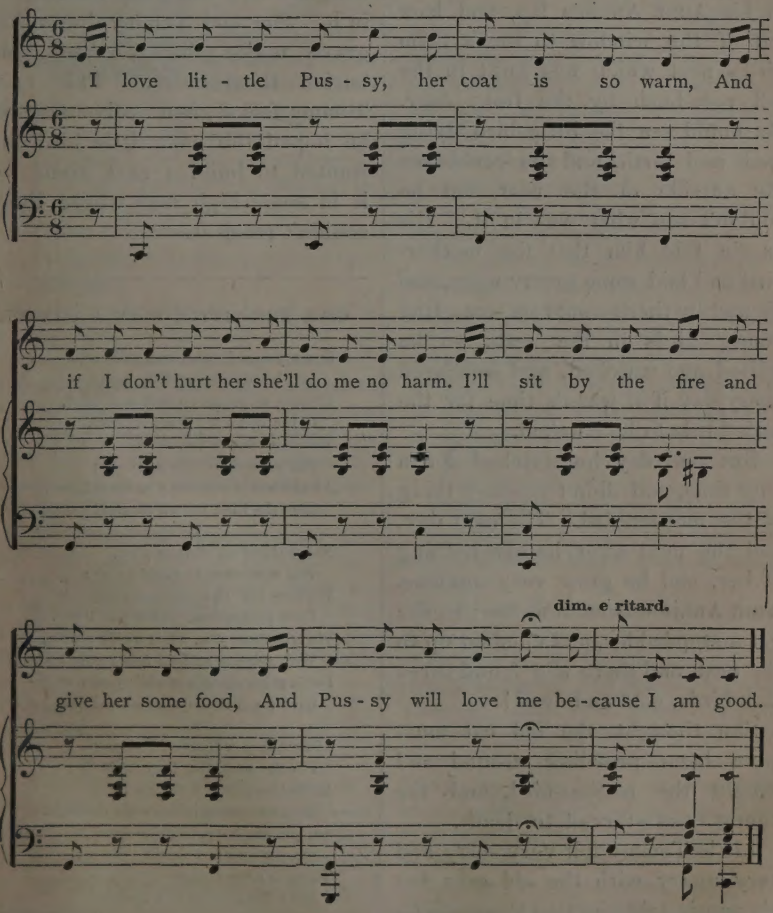
Little five-year old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to aunty. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring that she could read a great deal better than Sabina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "would it not sound better if some one else said it?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a very sober countenance, "I think it would. I have such a bad cold that I can't say it very well."

"HE who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it." Charron.

LUKE XVI. 19-21.

A TINY SONG FOR TINY SINGERS.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY.


Andante non troppo. With tenderness.
J. W. ELLIOTT.
I love lit - tle Pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And
if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by the fire and
dim. e ritard.
give her some food, And Pus - sy will love me be - cause I am good.

TOMMY AND THE NEST.

TOMMY was a little boy only three years old. He had been sick for four or five weeks; and when he was getting better he liked to sit in his Aunt Annie's lap, and look out of the window to see a little bird's nest which was built in the tall rose-bush by the front door. He could see the little bird flying back and forth, and he could see the outside of the nest, but he couldn't see what was in it. His auntie told him that the mother-bird had laid some pretty eggs, and by and by there would be some tiny young birds in the nest; so he waited and watched, and wondered every day if it wasn't time for the little birds to be hatched.

But one day he watched for a long time, and didn't see any thing of the mother-bird. The next day, and the next after, he saw nothing of her, and he grew very anxious. Aunt Annie was anxious too; so she got a step-ladder, and climbed up to the nest, and there she found three tiny birds, cold and dead!

She thought the old cat must have been prowling around and caught the mother-bird, and the young ones starved to death.

Little Tommy felt very sorry and very angry with the old cat; but his auntie told him that Pussy didn't know any better. She only caught the little bird for her kitty's dinner.

Then Aunt Annie took the nest down, and found a nice little white box, and laid the poor little birdies in it. She and Tommy dug a little grave under the rose-bush, and buried them there. This made Tommy feel a great deal better; but he hoped the next little bird that wanted to build a nest would put it in some high tree where Pussy couldn't reach it.

GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

HERE we are! don't leave us out,
Just because we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance;
All the world's before you spread, —
Give the little boys a chance!

Never slight us in your play,
You were once as small as we;
We'll be big, like you, some day,
Then perhaps our power you'll see.
We will meet you, when we've grown,
With a brave and fearless glance;
Don't think all this world's your own, —
Give the little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When these early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small,
On our toes you needn't dance;
There is room enough for all, —
Give the little boys a chance!

Christian Union.

For The Dayspring.

PROCRASTINATION.

EDWARD THOMPSON and John Gray were both the sons of parents with moderate means, who worked very hard that they might give their sons a good education. They lived in a large village, and both attended the same school. John was very diligent, and always in attendance; and of all the prizes that were offered to his class he was sure to be the winner.

But Edward was less punctual, never being quite in time, and always behind his class in his studies.

Many were the hours that he had spent in lounging upon his desk, and minding any thing but his lessons, annoying his teacher, and hindering others from using the precious moments that were lent them to prepare for the duties of coming years. He thought it but a trifle to be half an hour late in the morning, and less to miss half-a-dozen questions during the day.

It was Wednesday afternoon, a half-holiday. John was at home as usual, and busy at work preparing his arithmetic lesson for the next day, when Edward came in. "Come John," said he, "don't be studying all the time, but get your hat and come along with me. I'm going hunting birds' nests."

"No," said John, "I cannot stop. I must finish performing this example, and then go and help my father."

"What for?" said Edward; "he didn't tell you to come; take your hat, and come along with me. I know where there is a hawk's nest, and Fred Turner says he will give me five cents apiece for all the eggs, and you may have half of all we find."

"No, Edward, I cannot, as I have told you. As soon as I have finished this example, I shall go and help my father. It is true he did not tell me to come; but, whenever I have an opportunity, I feel I ought to help him, for he works very hard that I may go to school."

"Nonsense!" said Edward: "my father works as hard as yours, and I never think of helping him when I can avoid it. To-morrow we shall have to go to school again, and then it will be study, study, study, all the rest of the week. I wish school was done, and then a fellow could have a little peace without having to do arithmetic examples all the time. I wish all the arithmetics were sunk in the ocean."

"But, Edward, the fault is not in the arithmetic, but is in you missing your lesson so often, and leaving examples undone. And that half-hour that you so often lose in the morning is a great drawback. You cannot expect to be up in your lessons unless you are punctual. Yesterday morning you lost the explanation of this rule which Mr. Parker gave. And you were absent from your class not less than three times last week."

"Well, John, if you are going to talk about arithmetic, I shall be off. I'll go over and see Tom Clarke. I guess he will go with me."

So Edward left; and John, after preparing his lesson, went to help his father, who was at work for Mr. Brown. He found him picking up apples. Mr. Brown offered him five cents a bushel for all he would pick up.

John worked very hard until night, and picked up twelve bushels, for which he received sixty cents. He and his father walked home together, and John gave his money to his mother to keep; for he always saved all his earnings to buy school-books.

Now Mr. Gray's work was made lighter all that afternoon by John's presence; for

he felt that he was not working in vain, and that his son was forming a habit of diligence which would mark his character through life.

Now Edward, instead of going to see Tom Clarke, went directly home; for the truth of what John had said began to flash upon his mind. He could plainly see that more than half of his school troubles came from his misuse of time. The next morning, at a quarter of nine o'clock (instead of a quarter past as usual), he commenced to get ready for school; and, just as the bell rang, he stood upon the school-house steps, — the first time that he had been in season for a week. That day at recitation time, he had the first perfect lesson he had learned during the term.

From that time there was a marked change in his conduct; for he began plainly to see that *Procrastination* was the thief that was stealing all his precious opportunities. He became more diligent, and spent a larger part of his spare time in study; and in less than one year he was promoted. In due time John and he graduated with honor.

You can thus see how John, by his kindness, saved his friend from that dreadful habit of misusing time. Those are our best friends who tell us of our faults, and teach us how to mend them. F. S.

DOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

THE BAROMETER.

BY M. O. J.

"SHOO, old biddy! Get out, puss! Down, Leo!" snarled Fred, stamping about, with a brow like a thunder-cloud. Leo drooped ears and tail, walked slowly away, and lay down in the shade of a large elm. Pussy, caring less for the repulse, busied herself with catching grasshoppers. Auntie, sewing by the open window, hidden by the prairie rose, looked up in surprise, for Fred was usually very kind to all the household pets.

"Come here, Fred," she said pleasantly. "What's the trouble? You were whistling five minutes ago."

"Papa says we're not going to Point Shirley, after all," answered Fred, sullenly. "Isn't it too bad?"

"Not going at all?"

"Oh! not *that*. He says he will go the first *sure* pleasant day. As if *this* wasn't a splendid day! It's just that old ba — ba — brom — something; he says the wind isn't right."

"Oh, the barometer! Well, as you know fretting won't change the matter, and especially as you have your father's promise to go another day soon, I advise you to think as little as you can about it. Just go about something else; and perhaps before night you will be satisfied that it was best not to go. Just look at poor Leo; *he* certainly is not to blame, and don't you think you could possibly go and pat him, and speak to him kindly?"

Fred walked slowly toward the dog, but the moment he called his name in a pleasant tone Leo sprang up delighted, and capered round him, till Fred, half forgetting his disappointment, started a race.

The morning had been very bright, but warm and still. By two o'clock, dark clouds came rolling up, thick and fast, heralding a thunder-storm, which proved to be one of the heaviest of the season.

Fred's father said nothing to him about the ill-temper he had manifested (though he had overheard him) till bed-time. Then he asked kindly, —

"Well, my boy, would it have been better for us all to spend to-day on the beach?"

"No, father," he answered, with glowing cheeks. "I'm sorry I felt as I did."

"Then you don't advise me to break my barometer, as an 'old nuisance'?"

"O father, please don't say any more about that. I never will talk so again."

"Well, we won't. But perhaps you would like a story that shows the most important use of the barometer."

Fred was always ready for a story.

"Dr. Arnot wrote the account. He was at sea. The vessel was in the southern hemisphere. One beautiful evening, nearly all the passengers were on deck, talking, walking about, and enjoying music and games, when the captain gave orders to prepare, *with all possible haste*, for a storm. The sails were speedily furled, and every thing done that could be to lessen the danger of a gale. But all this while even the oldest sailors could see not the slightest indication of changing weather; the sky was cloudless and bright; and they were surprised at the extent of preparation, and great haste, commanded by the captain. But in hot climates sudden and terrible tornadoes sometimes occur; and before every thing was completed, a violent gale came up. The ship was tossed to and fro on the raging waters, like a ball! The lightning flashed, and thunders pealed, almost without an instant's cessation; the roar of wind and waves was such that no man's voice could be heard, and even the speaking-trumpet was useless. But the good ship, *well prepared* as she was, outrode that awful storm; and the preparation was made solely because the barometer had foretold danger! The mercury, while sea and sky were calm and beautiful, and there was no other sign, had begun to fall very fast.

"That little tube, beneath a guiding Providence, was the means of saving the ship!"

For The Dayspring.

HOW MINNIE'S KITTEN HELPED HER.

BY C. D. NICKERSON.

MRS. EUSTIS was looking sad, and yet half satisfied, as she sat by the library window and smoothed down the fair hair of her little five-year old Minnie. I'll tell you why.

About a half-hour before, Minnie had come into the room with a large grease spot upon her apron front. "Have you spilled water upon your apron, Minnie?" asked her mother very gently.

"I guess so," said Minnie, in a very low voice.

Something about the tone struck her mother unpleasantly.

"Come here, dear."

Minnie came.

"This isn't water, Minnie; it's some kind of oil or grease. You haven't been meddling with papa's dressing-case, have you?"

"No, ma'am," said Minnie, while her cheeks began to redden.

Minnie had always been very truthful, and her mother had no occasion to think she had told her an untruth now. So she said, "Go and ask Katie to put on a clean apron before papa comes to tea;" and Minnie walked slowly toward the nursery.

On her way there she passed by the dairy door; and what should she see but her pet kitten, Topsy, perched upon the side of one of the largest pans, taking off the thick cream with her nimble little tongue as freely as if she had had permission.

Minnie stood aghast. She felt guilty, and saw her sin and the lie rise up before her.

She was a resolute little girl, and had a heart in the right place; so she wheeled about, and astonished her mother by rushing up to her, and, flinging herself on the floor beside her, burst out with, "O mother, I've

been very, very wicked! It was cream upon my apron, that I skimmed off with my finger, and dropped as I was putting it in my mouth. I did very, very wrong, and I'm so dreadfully sorry, for I've made Topsy wicked too; for she was standing by me seeing me do it, and now she's on the shelf taking the cream off the very same dish. I'm *so* sorry, mamma; for I stole first, told you a lie, and made Topsy steal too. I'll promise you I never will set such a bad example for my kitty again. It's bad enough to make folks wicked, but to make a little white kitten steal!" — and Minnie sobbed aloud in her mother's lap. It was her first sin, and she had just seen, all her own little self, what example could do.

Her mother saw it too, and forgave her heartily; and kissing her said: "Bless the Lord for Topsy! She has made my little girl better."

"BEFORE HONOR IS HUMILITY."

(PROVERBS XV. 33.)

THE oak on the common grew not in a day,
But through seasons of sunshine and rain;
And so it remaineth while men pass away,
And the tempests roar round it in vain.

So wisdom worth having is but to be found
After trials of comfort and sorrow;
We should laugh at a farmer who planted his ground,
And expected the harvest to-morrow.

Yet youth oft is rash, while experience doubts,
And ponders life's perilous maze;
The recruit sometimes challenges, charges, and shouts,
Where the veteran pauses and prays.

But let us be humble and patient and meek,
For our youth is the season for seeds;
Or, when in the future our harvest we seek,
We shall find but a bundle of weeds.

Selected.

LITTLE STRINGS.

I SUPPOSE you have all seen an india-rubber face? And I dare say you have amused yourself by pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on. But when you stop pulling or pinching it, it returns to the same face that it was before.

Now your faces are softer than india-rubber, and they are full of little strings called muscles. These muscles, or strings, are pulled one way, or pulled another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression. The moment anybody looks at you they know something is troubling you, and you feel sorrowful. But if you see a funny picture, or if something happens to make you feel merry and glad, the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples, and you look just ready to burst out into a broad laugh.

But when we commit sin, wicked feelings are at work pulling these strings. Anger pulls one set of strings, and then you know what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a moment! Pride pulls another set of these strings, and so does vanity, or envy, or deceit, or discontent; and each of these brings its own peculiar look or expression over the face. And the worst thing about it is, that if these strings are pulled too often the face will not return to what it was before; but the strings will become stiff, like wires, and the face will keep wearing the ugly look it put on all the time. By giving way to sin, or indulging their bad feelings, some people get their faces worked up to such a dreadful look that, when you meet one of them in the street, the moment you see him you can tell what his character is.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, if it has the passion of anger

often pulling at it, will get at last to wear all the time a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to love money better than any thing else, and to hoard it up for its own sake, this will pull a set of strings that will fix a close, mean, grasping look upon his face, so that as you pass him you will be ready to say, "There goes a miser!" Or, if any one learns to lie and steal, his face will show it by and by; it will be impossible for him to put on an honest, truthful look.

You know, my dear children, the Bible tells us that sin is a reproach, or a disgrace, and if we consent to it, or give way to it, it will pull those strings in our faces that will make our very looks to be disgraceful. Don't let anger, or pride, or passion get hold of the strings, or they will make you appear so ugly that no one will love to look at you. But let love, and gentleness, and good-will, and truth, and honesty have hold of the strings, and they will make your faces beautiful and lovely. Dr. Newton.

LEARNING ENGLISH.

THE Frenchman's difficulties in learning the use of the word *break* are amusingly set forth in the following sketch from "The Guiding Star."

"I saw our friend, Mrs. Jones, just now," said a Frenchman, who had made some progress in the study of English; "she says she intends to break down housekeeping."

"Break *up* housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh! yes, I remember. Break *up* housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken *down*, you should say."

"Broken *down*; oh! yes. And indeed since the small-pox has broken up in your city ——"

"Broken *out*."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Indeed! And will she close her house?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken — broken — how do I say that?"

"Broken *into*."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken — broken ——"

"Broken *off*."

"Ah! I had not heard that. She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am so anxious to speak the English well."

"He merely *broke* the news."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A *broker*, and a very fine fellow. Good-day."

A PRECIOUS STONE.

KOH-I-NOOR is the name of one of the most brilliant and purest of known diamonds. It first was so called by an Indian prince. He was so enraptured with the brilliancy of the beautiful gem, that he gave it this name, which means "The Mountain of Light."

It was found in the mines of Golconda, before the Christian era. At the time of Christ it was in the possession of the Rajah of Oojein. For three hundred years it passed from father to son, and kingdom to kingdom. It has been a trophy of war, and a guaranty of peace between nations. It has adorned the heads and sceptres of the great; it has been coveted by civilized and uncivilized nations.

In the fourteenth century it was in the possession of Alladin, who placed it among the treasures of Delhi. It was afterwards

won by a prince on a battle-field; was taken from him by his conqueror, Nadir Shah; and is now in England, and brilliantly blazes among other bright jewels of the queen.

There is a universal desire among men to possess diamonds. They are displayed with the greatest pride and pleasure. Great sums of money have been spent to preserve and beautify them. The diamond is the purest of all mineral substances.

But, with all its purity and beauty and value, it falls far below a precious stone spoken of in the word of God. It is called "A White Stone," "A Precious Stone," "A Tried Stone," "A Living Stone." Not only kings, but ordinary men and women and children, have possessed it; and they have cried out with glowing hearts, "Christ is to me a 'mountain of light!'"

Riches may buy rich and pure gems; but no money can buy *this* precious stone. Diamonds have adorned kings and sceptres and swords and royal robes: this "stone" enriches not only kings and sceptres and royal robes, but it adorns all conditions of life. Purity and beauty and worth are enstamped upon all who possess it.

This "Living Stone" is a solace in trouble and grief, a comfort in affliction, a rest for the weary, a light to the blind; it is a guide to the young, a stay and a staff in old age; it gives hope in life, and triumph in the hour of death; it may be possessed by kings and rulers, the high and the low, the bond and the free; it beautifies the purest minds, and gives grace and loveliness to the darkest and most rebellious hearts. Early Days.

Puzzles.

18.

CHARADE.

To one who lived in Holy Land,
My first, though touched by trembling hand,
Gave freely out, in Faith's high hour,
The virtue of a healing power.

My second hardly would you need,
Did all the rule of right but heed;
In this you'll surely find the key,
That makes all plain as plain can be.

My whole grows best on northern ground,
And there in forests wide is found;
Of hardy race, its green it shows
In summer's sun and winter's snows.

19.

SQUARE WORD.

The first we can feel, but never can see;
The second is sure in the mind to be;
The third well describes every nice girl and boy;
The fourth, hard to learn, when we eat we enjoy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

16.

When with grass and pure white clover
All the fields are sprinkled over,
Then their mingled flavors meet
In the golden *butter* sweet.

The air is filled with the gay bird-song,
And the hum of the bee as he floats along,
Bearing the honey he's storing up,
Drawn from each floret's tiny *cup*.

And here, among the blossoms gay
Brought by Spring to make glad the day,
Stands *butter-cup*, in burnished gold,
That little hands love well to hold.

17.—GIRL
IDEA
READ
LADS

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